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The PHONO GRAM

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S E C O N D N U M B E R

JUNE

1900



PRINTED MONTHLY
FOR THOSE INTER-
ESTED IN PHONES,
GRAPHS, GRAMS &
SCOPES. DEVOTED
TO THE ARTS OF
RECORDING AND REPRODUCING
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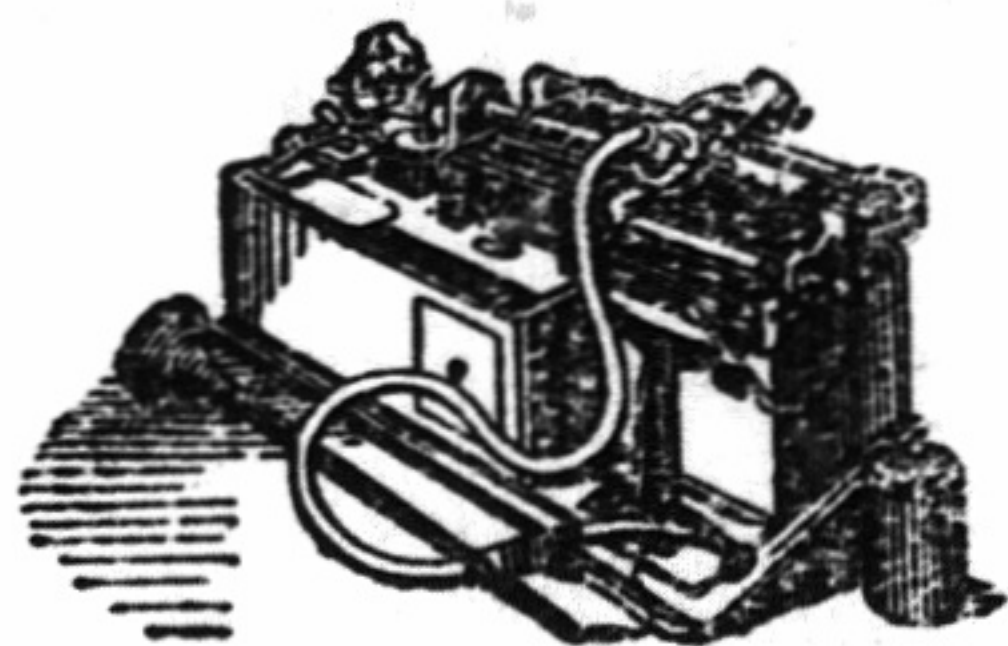
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I received a correspondence from Cal Stewart too late for publication in June number, but it shall appear in July issue.

¶ The title of this periodical has been chosen for its peculiar significance ; *φωνη* , PHONE, the voice, and *γραμμα* , GRAM, that which is written. In simple words, THE PHONOGRAM is a magazine devoted to the arts of recording and reproducing sound.

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By EUGENE LEE

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quaintly conceived and written in
such a delightful manner that it will
appeal to everyone.*

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made deckle edge paper, and bound in
old style wrappers. It has specially de-
signed ornaments, headpieces, etc.

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*Printed by AUGUSTE GIRALDI
and published by him at No. 139 FIFTH
AVENUE, New York City.*

AS SHE DANCED.

An Acrostic.

Lightly the beads on her dress
Up and down, rose and fell ;
Down and up, up and down.
Lovely she is I must own.
One among scores—Can you tell
Who she is ? Can't you guess ?

DANCING TO PHONOGRAPH MUSIC.

By Mr. Openeer.

I danced with Flora Ludlow at the last Assembly. I danced with others too ; but it's like eating strawberries—they're all luscious, delicious, ambrosial, except one ; and that one is more exquisite than all the others. So it was with the Ludlow. Her step was perfect. Others danced well too ; but she—ah it was a dream ; a poem. Every motion was an iamb or a trochee ; smooth, soothing, gliding. No boisterous dithyramb to mar the metre of the two-step or the undulating dactyls of the dreamy waltz. Perhaps her step just suited mine ; or perhaps again, it was the music.

When I reached home, I unburdened my soul by writing an acrostic. Perhaps you will say one of three things (or possibly all). "Pooh ! Not much of a soul" or "Faugh ! What tommy-rot" or "What an easy mark ;" but never mind, I don't care. Having unburdened my soul substantially as described, I went to sleep.

But let me tell you about the music. (I am awake now—have got through sleeping, you understand.) It was a new wrinkle to me ; for instead of the customary piano, harp and violins, a large Phonograph occupied the orchestra

platform. It was operated by a young man who seemed to know all about it, judging by the results ; for I watched him all through a quadrille that Miss Ludlow danced with Jim White for a partner. Why didn't I dance with Mrs. Openeer ? Lord bless you ! why eight minutes after the opening walk-around there wasn't a blank space on her card and half the numbers were split in two in the next eight minutes. So I just watched Mr. Youngman operate the machine. He had a suit case filled with records, all labelled and ticketed ; and when the floor manager clapped his hands, he picked out a record in a jiffy, slipped it on the mandrel, and had her going inside of twenty seconds. First came the announcement and then the machine said "are you ready" followed by an overture. Of course no one was ready, but the Phonograph went right on, calling figures and playing music at the same time. Pretty soon the floor manager had things all arranged, and he gave another signal. Mr. Youngman set the machine back to the overture, and immediately the first figure was in full swing.

I tell you it was slick. He used three records during the quadrille ; but the time it took to change, taking one off and putting on the next was so slight that no one noticed it.

The waltzes, two-steps and polkas went off just as successfully. There was an attachment on the Phonograph by which it would play the same piece over and over with just a moment's interruption between. Not enough of a pause to amount to anything ; we just danced right through the pause, and when the record began again, we glided into the game as nicely as you please.

It was a novel scheme to me. I had never even heard of it. It's funny how you notice news items in the papers after you've had your attention called to anything, and your interest in it aroused. During the next few weeks, I saw and heard of several dances where the music was supplied by Phonographs. In Arlington, Mass., just outside of Boston, the Old Belfry Club had a chafing-dish party, and they used a Concert Phonograph instead of an orchestra. Mr. John Turner furnished the machine. About the same time I noticed that a subscription dance held in Musgrove Hall, in Andover, Mass., also had a Phonograph to furnish the music. At Deep River, Conn., Mr. Beebe gave a Phonograph Concert followed by a Sociable. At Honesdale, Pa. (I read this in the *Scranton Truth*), "The music for the dance in Hartung's Hall last evening was rendered by Dittrich's Exhibition Phonograph." At Hackensack, N. J., a dance took place in Seiss' Hall where the music was supplied by a "mammoth graphophone," also at Norfolk, Va., I noticed by an item in the *Dispatch* that Professor Bellezzar's class at Montefiore Hall danced to talking machine music. The item said: "This wonderful and beautiful instrument will give music of Sousa, Gilmore and other popular composers for the dancers and during the intermission it will give songs and recitations. These classes are larger than ever this season because they add a social opportunity to dancing lessons."

By this time I was thoroughly interested in this new phase of the Phonograph, especially on receiving a letter from friends in New Haven, Conn., describing the last of the Septimo series of dances. It was held at Warner Hall, fully one hundred dancers taking part in the German. **The**

D



D is for DANCE
And also for DANCERS
The *Phonograph* playing
Both Waltzes and Lanciers.

letter went on to say "A novelty was the first hearing in New Haven of the big concert Phonograph which played for some of the dances and during the serving of supper.

This Phonograph music promises to be a feature at small private dances of this kind, especially during the supper, as the music is light and jolly and creates no end of fun. Many handsome gowns were noted last night ; in fact the dance was quite the most elaborate in the series. Mr. Frank Kenna led the german, dancing with Miss Lillian McKenna."

I promptly wrote back to my friends and asked them to tell me *all* they knew about the Phonograph as a music maker for dances ; and they sent me a clipping from the New Haven *Register* that tells the whole story so completely, that I copy it here almost word for word.

A GIANT PHONOGRAPH.

Machine to Play for a Dance on May 7.

A certain dancing class at its next meeting on May 7th, at Warner Hall, will have the distinction of giving the first dance, of which there is any record at least, to the music of a Phonograph instead of an orchestra.

This dance will be no more of a curiosity however, than will be the giant machine which is to furnish the music.

The machine is to be known as Edison's big Concert Phonograph. This machine is, in fact, the first one turned out by the factory, Mr. Edison himself having promised Mr. Tuttle that the first of these giant Phonographs shall come to New Haven.

Mr. Tuttle made a test of this, the newest of the wizard's inventions as pertains to the Phonograph, for a re-

porter of The Register today. It is claimed by the inventor that the huge horn will fill the largest theater in the world and that the sound moreover, is equal in volume to an orchestra of seven pieces.

Those who heard the test to-day feel convinced that Mr. Edison has made his estimate conservatively.

To begin with there is less of the brassiness to the tone that issues from this great horn, both as regards the voice and the band.

In making his test to-day Mr. Tuttle chose a march, a waltz, a quartet of male voices and a solo. There is no reason why the giant machine should not be used at dances. The rhythm of its music is perfect, because the best orchestras in the country are secured to make the records. In any event the waltz record Mr. Tuttle used to-day was as tempting as any Lander has ever wielded his baton for. There is, of course, no limit to the records, in spite of the fact that they measure five inches in diameter and cost many times more than the ordinary record for the ordinary machine.

In making this giant horn, Mr. Edison had in mind exactly such occasions as the machine will be put to on May 7th. In addition to playing for the dances at Warner Hall, the Phonograph will entertain the dancers during the serving of supper with songs, records made by noted vaudeville and opera singers.

A prominent Meriden woman has also engaged this Phonograph for a large house party she is to give on May 13th.

The Concert Phonograph will differ from smaller machines of its kind because of the exclusiveness of its band records. Its advent marks an epoch in the world of Phonograph and all instruments of that character.

MARRIED BY PHONOGRAPH.

Marriage by Phonograph was the new scheme hit upon by a would-be Benedict in Barclay, northern Manitoba, a place visited by a clergyman once in every four years. The bride was willing, the groom was waiting, and everything was in readiness for the happy event, but the clergyman had paid his periodical visit only six months before, and three years and a half must elapse before he would visit the hamlet again.

Then the clever bridegroom racked his brains, and decided on a course of action. He had heard of the wonders of the Phonograph, and rode to Winnipeg to secure one. Taking it to the nearest Justice of the Peace, he induced him to speak the marriage service into the Phonograph's receiver, and hastened home with his precious burden. In a short time invitations were out for the wedding of John Barclay, Jr., (the town was named after his father) with Miss Lillian Armitage, the lady of his choice. Before long invitations were out for the wedding of a second couple, Miss Edna Claverton and Harry Pringle, who had decided to be married at the same time.

At the appointed time the first couple stood before the Phonograph, which put the usual questions, and received the usual answers. Then Miss Claverton and Mr. Pringle stood up and went through the same ordeal. At the conclusion of the first double wedding by Phonograph, the event was celebrated with feasting worthy of the event.—
Utica Globe.

A LOVE STORY

IN SIX SCENES

From *Fliegende Blätter*

Dramatis Personæ—

MILLIE

and A GEM PHONOGRAPH

I



“A Cylinder from Arthur—”

SAD PHONOGRAPHIC STORY.

Wentworth Smee is an English author and critic who writes amusingly when he chooses. He told recently the trick played on him by a Phonograph. Says Mr. Smee : " If by any malign influence of fate you ever become a 'lit'ry gent,' don't buy a Phonograph. Why? Because if you do, you will indulge in language unbecoming a man and an author. This is what happens :

" Yesterday I had a telegram from an editor (you know the way editors telegraph when they want anything in a hurry) ' Send 5,000 words sentimental story to-night without fale.' " As Artemus Word says, " In all the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as ' fale.' " Still I can't presume to correct an editor's spelling. He'd knock down my prices at once.

" I thought I'd just reel off this sentimental story on my Phonograph and let some one else have the drudgery of copying it out. But some idiot had left on the machine a cylinder containing a song called ' Our Lodger's Such a Nice Young Man.' " How was I to know that? When the young person who edits me on the typewriter brought me the first page of the story she looked at me suspiciously, ' chucked ' (I use the word advisedly) it down on my desk and haughtily retired. This is how the story read :

" He nerved himself by one supreme effort as he gazed into her eyes, and, taking her pretty hand in his, said : ' Our Lodger's Such a Nice Young Man,' as sung by Miss——" "

" The rest was chaos. Here and there a word of story and then extraneous remarks about that young man lodger. No wonder the girl wouldn't have anything to do with the

2



“At last a sign of life from him! I wonder will he speak out this time? I am dying with curiosity—”

hero. I felt ashamed of him myself. As for the lodger, well, the less said about him the better.

“The Phonograph may be a very charming instrument, but it wants knowing. I’ve remarked that my friend, the Rev. Silas Hocking, uses one; but he generally gets his wife or daughter to copy out his work on the typewriter. The Phonograph won’t be a perfect instrument for literary people until the makers supply a select assortment of wives and daughters to go with it. Then I’ll give it another chance, and not till then.”

SALUTING A PHONOGRAPH.

About a year ago, Queen Victoria sent a Phonograph message of friendship and goodwill to Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia, commemorating a victory in the Soudan.

The message created a marked impression on his majesty. The royal words were delivered on a Sunday, the Phonograph working excellently. The tones of her majesty’s voice reproduced with remarkable clearness, and Menelek was so pleased that nothing would satisfy him but to hear the message at least a dozen times.

First he would listen to the words as they came from the trumpet of the Phonograph, and then he would use the ear tubes.

When his curiosity and delight had been satisfied he relapsed into a solemn silence, and ordered the royal salute and remained standing while 17 guns were fired.

Menelek himself has tried to send a message by the Phonograph, so that he appreciates the difficulty of securing a satisfactory record.—*Scientific American*.

3



“Miss Millie! Forgive me if I have the courage to express all my thinking, feeling, and longing on this one cylinder, but my heart is so full that I can no longer contain myself!”

MUSIC PARALYZES CATERPILLARS.

At last an effective method has been found at Catskill, N. Y., whereby the caterpillars may be destroyed. For months the pest has been so great that the farmers feared the orchard crops would be ruined. Since the latter part of May men and boys have been busy shooting the worms. The method was to load a shotgun with a heavy charge of powder and use no ball. In this way thousands were killed. The trees were literally alive with them, and for weeks there had been little else done by many of the farm hands but kill the worms. Torches also have been used with good effect.

This has been changed and the caterpillar now is being decoyed to his death by means of music. He is being lulled to sleep by the soft, sweet tones of the fish-horn and destroyed while lying under the magic spell. There is an opening in the neighborhood for any of the street bands which have been a nuisance to the citizens of New York. That music is the most effective way to destroy the caterpillar was discovered by a woman.

She went out under one of the maple trees and blew the farm horn for the men to come to dinner. They were some distance away, and she blew several blasts. She was surprised to see many caterpillars fall to the ground, and continued to blow. When the men came home they were hundreds of the pests on the ground. They showered from the trees at every blast of the horn. They remained on the ground as if dead, and were heaped up and burned in their comatose state. The news was passed about and the work went on. The shotguns were laid aside.

A man who plays a cornet went out to see what effect a

4



“I must let you know that I love you with all the passion of a glowing heart; that I cannot live longer without you! Yes, Millie, my love, my all—”

cornet whould have upon the worms. A trombonist and a man with a bass drum went along. They traveled through the woods, and a crowd followed. Wherever they stopped and played a few notes the shower of caterpillars began.

The music of the cornet had a peculiar effect on the worms. When they heard the low smooth notes they stood up on end and waved their "feelers" but when a particular high note was struck they fell to the ground promptly. The trombone affected them differently. They rolled off the tree in large numbers without delay, and seemed absolutely dead when they were examined. The drum affected them in a similar manner. A conch horn seemed to be more soothing to them than anything else.

A professor who is staying at a farm house was asked what he thought of the action of music on the pests, and said:

"In my opinion the whole affair is due to the sound waves. We know that they have force, and we can measure force. A caterpillar is a delicate thing, and I think that at some stage of its life it could be killed by a wind or ordinary breeze. The shooting of blank cartridges into the trees caused their death by concussion. The blast of a horn does the same. A brass band would kill thousands wherever the sound waves penetrated."—From the *Union Press*, Union Me.

5



“I adore you, and if you wish to make me the happiest of mortals, fly to my arms in order that I—”

KHAKI CLOTH

A New Fabric for Summer Wear

Made famous (in this country, at least) by the Rough Riders and their charge "up the hill."

Until the Spanish-American unpleasantness, what khaki cloth had been used by the U. S. Army was imported from England. For many years England has equipped all her Indian troops with khaki uniforms. The cloth is light weight. It is fairly waterproof. It don't show dirt. It makes a cool garment.

DIRTPROOF

COOL

WATERPROOF

Early in 1898, the United States Government solicited bids from American manufacturers for enough khaki to equip the Cuban Army of Invasion. Contracts were awarded to many firms, with the result of several grades of cloth. One mill in particular, however, produced such an excellent weave that the Government reserved the output of that one mill for the *exclusive use of its OFFICERS*.

N.B.—This is the mill whose Khaki Cloth I offer.

ONE DOLLAR A YARD—36 inches wide

It cannot be excelled in fitness for golf skirts or for walking skirts. For children's use, entire suits are the thing. For men's wear, it is cooler than duck and more serviceable.

Samples sent to any one interested. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. I pay express charges both ways if the fabric does not meet your expectation.

JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N.J.

N.B.—I respectfully request intending purchasers to avail themselves of my offer to send samples, that I may feel certain that each package sent C. O. D. will stay placed.

6



“may press the first kiss
upon your ruby lips!!”

***THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.**

(Commenced in May number.)

CHAPTER II—PROPHECY.

Let us now step into the realms of literature, and note what has been written of the Phonograph in the line of prophecy; if indeed such fanciful predictions and visionary foreshadowings as we shall quote can be justly termed prophetic. Yet all prophecies are but vague foreseeings.

To-day we are speculating on human flight and ultra rapid transit in *vacuo*. We are guessing and experimenting at many problems which may become realities at any moment. Seeing by telephone is almost accomplished, and wireless telegraphy is a fact. The unknown of to-day may be known to-morrow. Fact springs from Fancy in Present; as it has in the Past, and as it will in the Future. So listen!

John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, who died in London in 1672, was an accomplished theologian, scientist, mathematician and physicist. In his work on *Mathematic Magick* (1651), he says; "Some have thought it possible to preserve the voice, or any words spoken, in a hollow trunk or pipe, so when this pipe is rightly opened the words will come out of it in the same order wherein they were spoken."

This is perhaps a very rough anticipation of the Phonograph. To charge a tube with words, as a cannon is loaded with powder and shot, beforehand, to be rattled out like the frozen up tunes in Baron Munchausen's trumpet when a thaw came—it was certainly a most original theory.

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Again listen!

In 1620-1655 there lived a French poet and philosopher, by name Savinien Cryano de Bergerac, whose fame has been but recently refurbished by the playhouse and M. Rostand. In 1656, a year after his death, there was published his "*Histoire Comique en Voyage dans la Lune*," a manuscript written in 1649. It describes adventures in the Moon, and comments on the manners and customs of the lunar inhabitants. A hollow sky-rocket and an explosion; and the adventurer finds himself in the Moon. The story combines the romantic plausibility of Jules Verne with the gentle irony and ingenious wit of Dean Swift's "*Gulliver*."

Bergerac found the Lunarians had two kinds of speech. The upper classes used songs without words; and the populace, the speech of limb-motion. They lived on odors, for money used couplets and quatrains; their vegetables talked; (the soliloquy of a cabbage being one of the quaintest conceits of human thought). Their books are described as machine books; as follows:

No sooner was his back turned [he speaks of his Guide, whom he terms his "*Spirit*"] but I fell to consider attentively my Books and their Boxes, that's to say, their Covers, which seemed to me to be wonderfully Rich; the one was cut of a single Diamond, incomparably more resplendent than ours; the second looked like a prodigious great Pear, cloven in two. My Spirit had translated those Books into the Language of that World; but because I have none of their Print, I'll now explain to you the Fashion of those two Volumes:

(TO BE CONTINUED).

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION:— THIRTY CENTS A YEAR

Advertising rates to be had on application.

The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



Copyrighted 1900, by Herbert A. Shattuck.

¶ Some have asked me what kind of a bush it is that marks my name plate. Friends, do not scoff. It *is* a bush. My neighbor CLELAND who designed it, once told me the name, but I have forgotten. The large black S is plain enough; let that suffice. So is the scrit or scroll or screed, call it as you may; and so is the Bird. Never mind the bush.

This month I am a Green Bird; but still a woodpecker—only a change of plumage. I am still pecking and tapping and rapping for fat facts and interesting information. The Green Woodpecker is a native of Europe. (This may account for the Fliegender Blatter pictures of love making by Phonograph, contained in this June number.) 'Tis sometimes called a Laughing Bird, on account of its loud laugh-like note. Again 'tis called a Popinjay, Yappingale, Yaffle or what not. It has a merry chatter and a joyous laughing call. One loves to hear it in the woods, and see its bright presence as it clings to tree branch or tree trunk.

In like manner do I hope to make the PHONOGRAM a bright and merry monthly visitor to your homes, bringing you talking machine news, sayings and doings and other food for thought. Whether I am successful shall be judged by the stream of dimes that shall flow my way (neatly pasted *in threes* to a letter, ordering a year's subscription). I look for your words of encouragement, telling me I am *green* only in feather and not in fact.

¶ I met Cal Stewart (Uncle Josh Weathersby) not long since and I asked him for his Photograph. Now if you've never seen Cal, you can only half appreciate his droll humor

Continued on page sixty-two.

NEW EDISON RECORDS.

Bana Records

Played by the Edison Grand Concert Band.

- 7474 Evening Bells
- 7451 Millie Polka *With Piccolo solo*
- 7463 Selections From The Runaway Girl
- 7450 The Admiral March
- 7462 Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, *With Cornet Solo*

Cornet Duet

Played By Zimmerman and Sweet.

- 7454 The Story of the Rose

Orchestra Records

Played by the Peerless Orchestra.

- 7494 Bohemian Life March
- 7478 Dance on Friday Night *Descriptive*
- 7446 Gavota "Consuela" *Spanish*
- 7448 Gavota Instantaneas *Spanish*
- 7447 Gigantes Y Cabezudos *Spanish*
- 7460 Himno Patriotico *Spanish*
- 7444 Mamma's Carolina Twins
- 7445 Pasa-Calle *Spanish*
- 7443 Selections from "The Ameer." *By Victor Herbert*
Introducing "The Armored Knight" "With
Stealthy Footsteps Stealing" and "Cupid will
Guide"
- 7442 The Ameer March *Victor Herbert*
- 7449 The Holy City *With Cornet solo*

Songs in English

- 7472 Absent Minded Beggar *From Rudyard Kip-*
ling's Poem Broderick
- 7481 Beauty's Eyes *Sentimental* Madeira

NEW EDISON RECORDS.

Songs in English (concluded)

- 7496 Bethlehem *By Dressler* Natus
 7491 Father O'Flynn Broderick
 7468 Gabriella Brown is Back in Town *March*
Song With Orchestra Accompaniment. Collins
 7483 Just What the Good Book Taught *Sent-*
imental Harlan
 7492 Mephisto's Serenade Broderick
 7457 Old Bill Jones *Comic Rube Song, Full of Fun* Collins
 7484 Old Black Joe *With Banjo Accompaniment* Collins
 7456 Pumping the Pump, Pump, Pump *Comic* Quinn
 7495 She Rests By the Swanee River *Sentimental* Natus
 7471 Simon the Cellarer Song, Broderick
 7490 Since I Married that Actor Man Miss Newton
 7480 Since That Day *Sentimental* Mac Donough
 7461 The Colonel *Comic* Collins
 7473 The Cooper Song *From Boccaccio* Broderick
 7469 The King's Musketeers *March Song; from*
Cyrano de Bergerac Stanley
 7497 Why Did They Sell Killarney *Sentimental* Natus

Songs in French

by M. Begue

- 12103 Charite
 12097 Priere de Rigoletto

Song in German

by Herr Deusing

- 12096 Im Tiefen Keller

Songs in Italian

by Sig. Francisco

- 12101 Canzone Del Porter *Drinking Song from Martha*

NEW EDISON RECORDS.

Songs in Italian (concluded)

- 12099 Dio Possente *From Faust*
12098 Di Provenza *From Traviata*
12095 Il Balen *from Trovatore*
12102 La Paloma
12100 Mandolinata
12094 Non E Ver

Male Duets

by Harlan and Madeira

- 7475 Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom
7498 I Left Because I Love You

Talking Records

- 7470 Irish on Parade Steele
7477 Shultz on Temperance Kennedy

Violin Solo

by Charles D'Almaine

- 7455 Scenes That are Brightest *From Maritana*

Whistling Solo

by Nina Angela

- 7453 I Could Pick de Winner Wid My Two Eyes Shut

The July number of THE PHONOGRAM will contain a list of new Edison CONCERT Records

(Continued from page fifty-eight)

and his bubbling laugh. In the first place, he looks every bit a prosperous farmer. Smooth face, wide open collar, black string neck-tie and always wears a soft black broad brimmed hat (it don't hurt so much as a stiff Derby, he tells me, when his head swells). He has a lot of those little crow's foot wrinkles in the corners of his eyes ; always a token of a good natured man. And he's just as jolly as his Records, as I have said once before. If he don't forget about his promise I'll get his Photo, and if he's real good and gives me his stories promptly, legibly written, propelled spelled and all that, I promise to print the picture in some future issue.

¶ Arthur Collins is another man you ought to know. Comic Coon Songs are his specialty and his unique laugh and side remarks are irresistible. I'm going to show *him* up too. I think the type measure of a PHONOGRAM page is wide enough to do him full justice.

¶ Then there's "Shultz." You'd like to know *him*, also. Here's a Good One that I understand he's going to use for a new Record. I can't reproduce his dialect ; it's almost impossible. I am practising however, and will later.

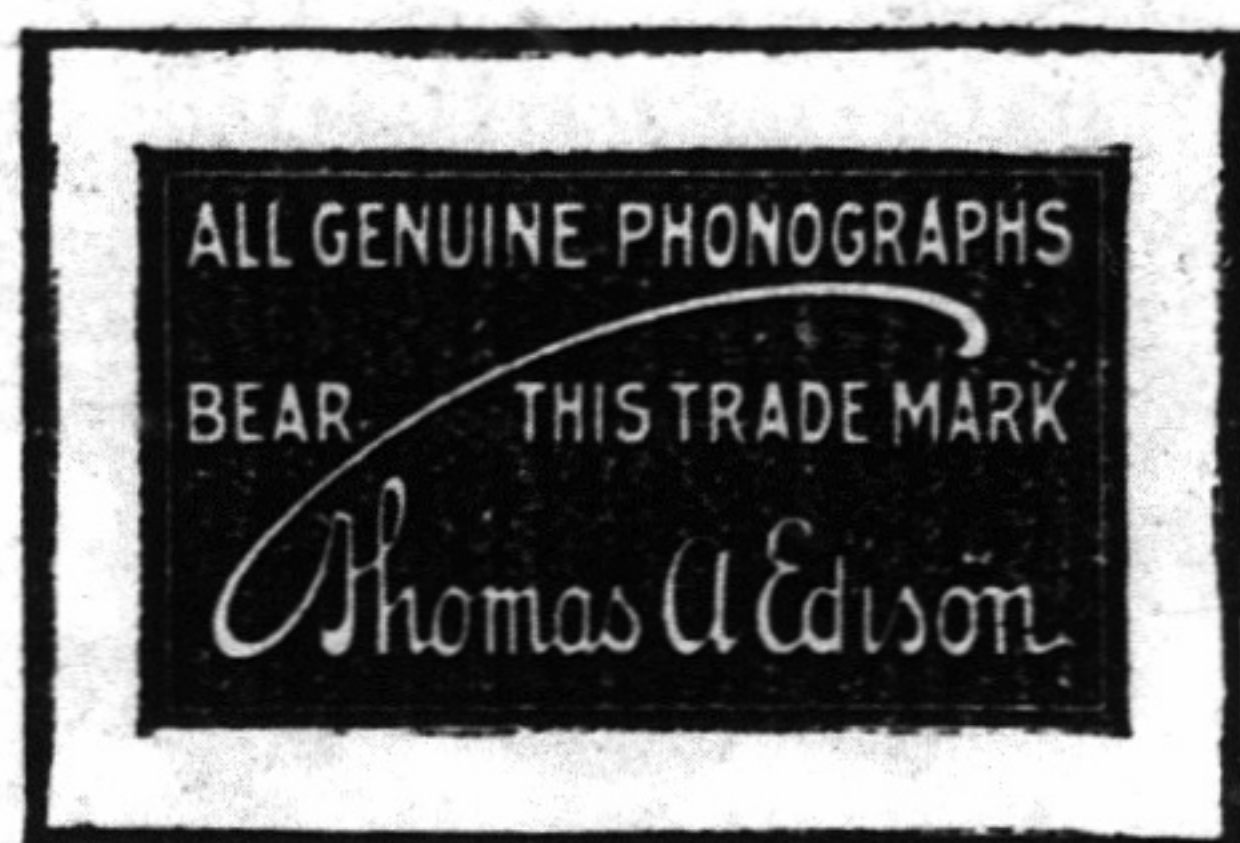
The scene is a Broadway Car and the sign reads "Spitting on the Floor of this Car is strictly Prohibited." Big burly Longshoreman shifts his Quid uneasily—looks at the sign—at the floor—then at the seat beside him—shakes his head—and finally expectorates on the floor. Conductor, a little Dutchman, doesn't see the act but *does* see the result ; a pool. Comes rushing. "Who schpits on der floor?" "I did" says the giant towering up. "Just der feller I vas looking for," says the conductor "Gif me a chew of tobacco."

Douglas & Company

H. C. DOUGLAS, Manager

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Wholesale & Retail.



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Films.

Batteries and Fan Motors.

Bates Numbering Stamps.

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